THE CHURCH'S OLD, NEW MUSIC

RESTORING THE GREGORIAN CHANT A LONG TASK.

Difficulties Arising From the Forgotten Systems of Notation—What the Plain Song of Gregory the Great Was—Work the Benedictine Monks Are Doing.

ROME, March 24.—There is a legend in an anonymous manuscript book of the eleventh century in the library of Montecassino Abbey which explains the origin of the reform in church music undertaken by Gregory the Great in the sixth century.

"The people in those days," it says, "sought mundane and profane games and licentious music. So Gregory thought that perchance the evil could be remedied by means of sacred music if the souls of men could be drawn toward God through the suave inducement of religious art.

"And there appeared to him in a dream the Church in the semblance of a muse in the act of composing her melodies, and just as the hen gathers the chickens around it, so was the Church surrounded by all the faithful under the folds of a mantle on which could be seen written all the modes and neums, all the voices and modulations. At such a sight the pious Pope asked that he should be allowed to transcribe all he saw for the benefit of mankind, whereupon the Holy Ghost descended upon him in the shape of a dove and he learned to compose every note according to the example set before him.

"And thus now, following the forms and the melodies of Gregory, with one spirit and one heart and with all affection and all attention to the rules of the art, the clergy lift their voices to heaven, humbly joining their praise to that which the angels give to God."

Fifteen years ago the Sacred Congregation of Rites, realizing that it was time that something were done for the reform of church music, invited the Bishops of Italy and the principal choirmasters of many countries to draw up their views on the subject. Bishop Sarto of Mantua, a man of simple mind, then unknown outside his diocese, entered thoroughly into the task and sent to the Congregation a long and practical report on the subject, which, needless to say, was pigeonholed and forgotten.

Many years passed, the Bishop of Mantua became Patriarch of Venice and afterward was elected Pope. One of the first acts of his pontificate was the *Motu proprio* restoring to the Roman Church its ancient Gregorian chant. This *Motu proprio* almost word for word and with but few alterations was the report sent by the Bishop of Mantua and forgotten in the archives of the Congregation of Rites.

The pontifical commission on liturgical Gregorian works appointed by the Pope is now engaged in studying the reform of church music. Its work is of the greatest importance. The melodies of the Church called Gregorian will be reestablished in their entirety and purity according to the most ancient codices, but at the same time particular account will be taken of legitimate traditions contained in various manuscripts and of the practical needs of the modern liturgy.

The work done by the Benedictine monks in the restoration of the genuine melodies of the Roman Church, and especially that done at the Monastery of Solesmes, is to be submitted to the examination and revision of the commission and incorporated in the official liturgical books published by the Vatican. The Pope recommends diligence and speed in the work of the commission, but several years will pass before the reform of the Gregorian chant is accomplished. The difficulty and complexity of the undertaking cannot be realised unless the origin and notation of Gregorian music, that is, the plain song melodies of the Western Church as arranged by Pope Gregory, are briefly described.

STATUE OF POPE GREGORY THE GREAT BY CORDIERI IN THE CHURCH OF SAINT GREGORY, ROME—THE HOLY GHOST REPRESENTED BY A DOVE PERCHED ON HIS SHOULDER AND WHISPERING IN HIS EAR.

The Christian church borrowed from ancient pagan architecture the shape of her basilicas, adapted prevailing national customs to the exigencies of her worship, preached the word of Christ in the languages of Jerusalem, Athens and Rome, and combated the superstitious practices of idolatry through liturgical ceremonies which retained all that was good in the rites they supplanted. The same musical idiom of the hymns sung in honor of Jupiter, Apollo and Cybele was used to glorify the God of Christianity.

The music of Athens and Rome adopted by the Church was purified, and no doubt many a melodious cadence and cantilena originated in the synagogue, passed to the agapes and through the catacombs and finally reached the basilica. Still, the liturgical melodies of the Church were essentially taken from the ancient Greco-Roman music.

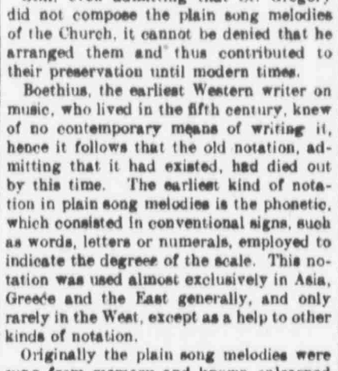
For the texts in verse of the liturgy the measured rhythm of the ancient music was adopted, and for the Catholic hymnody the rhythm based on the metric accent was taken, while for the portions in prose of the liturgy the plain oratorical rhythm was used. Plain song, it has been said, is not music, as it has no measure; but the Gregorian rhythm is based on a keynote accent, and this accent is not merely the heavy prolongation of a note but a rapid elevation, an elastic impulse, "a brightness which strikes a single syllable but illuminates all the rest with its reflection."

The Church banished entirely the accompaniment of instruments from its melodies. The music of guitars and flutes which had become effeminate and soft was abolished and so was that of the organ, and the voices of the faithful, "a living cithara" as Cassiodorus calls them, supplanted all the ancient instruments.

It was the custom among the Romans and Greeks for the string and wind instruments to open and close every chant with a prelude and a postlude, and often in choruses or strophic hymns the instruments executed interludes or flourishes. The application of this practice originated the anthem in church music, which prepares the tone of the psalm and is repeated at the end, while in antiphonal singing it returns like a refrain in the course of the psalm.

In religious art the ancient diatonic scale, which had become mixed with the chromatic and enharmonic, was revived, and thus the artificial and intricate forms of Phrynnis and Timotheus were simplified and reduced to their original beauty.

PAGE FROM AN ILLUMINATED ANTIPHONARY IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL IN ROME, SHOWING THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY NOTATION.



APPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF NOTATION TO THE FIRST SENTENCE OF THE NICENE CREED.

DIFFERENT NOTATIONS IN GREGORIAN MUSIC.

DIAGRAM OF NEUMS.

PAGE FROM A TROPER WRITTEN FOR THE WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL ABOUT THE YEAR 1000, SHOWING THE NOTATION OF THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

PIUX X. TAKEN AT THE TIME HE WROTE THE MOTU PROPRIO ON CHURCH MUSIC.

EXIT THE DIME NOVEL WRITER

THRILLS FOR SMALL BOYS DON'T PAY AS THEY ONCE DID.

Not a Dozen Left of the Old Guard Who Wrote Lurid Indian and Detective Stories—Free Libraries a Blow to the Trade—Authors Who Have Prospered.

The dime novel is passing, and with it the dime novel writer. Not so long ago the men who supply the small boy with romance and adventure by the yard numbered several score. To-day hardly twenty-five authors—the majority living within an hour's ride of New York city—find employment in this once flourishing occupation.

In the heyday of Beadle's renown these spinners of juvenile yarns lived a life quite apart from other pen craftsmen, and constituted a world of their own. The contempt of the elect had no terror for these literary Philistines, who paid no attention to what other people said so long as they were allowed to work peacefully in their own way.

An indifference toward lofty ideals and lack of regard for "artistic workmanship," so troublesome to their more pretentious writing brethren, enabled them to grind out with clockwork regularity 5,000 or 6,000 words a day with the satisfying knowledge that "Finis" written after the last chapter meant the prompt return of a check for a fat amount. They were the money kings of literature along in the '70s and '80s.

One of these oldtime dime novel writers, who made several thousand dollars by writing cheap fiction and has the money invested in gilt edge securities, was recently asked why he had not turned his attention to the magazines seriously, as some short stories published in his youth showed promise of better things.

"The answer is easy," was the reply. "I had to decide quite early in the game what I wanted most, good clothes and plenty to eat, or to play tag with fame on an empty stomach!"

His prosperous, well fed appearance showed the course he had elected to pursue. He is one of the few men who made good use of the opportunity and left the trade before it had a chance to leave them. It was hard work for some years, and he nearly exhausted himself in trying to give readers of "Old Sleuth" literature brand new thrills every week. Instead of spending his money in riotous living like many of his coworkers, he kept saving until he had enough to go West and set up as a banker in a hustling community.

Of the men who wrote reams on reams of lurid Indian stories and impossible detective yarns for the firms which a couple of generations ago published dime novels in untold quantities not more than ten to-day are getting their living in the same way. Not only that, but just one man among them has stuck to this class of fiction to the present day, writing it continually without a break for over twenty-five years. The rest have followed something else at long or short intervals since beginning to write dime novels.

There are other dime novel writers contemporary with these men who are still alive, some prosperous and others not doing so well, but in occupations quite remote from the manufacture of yellow back literature. Besides the banker who voiced the literary creed of the whole tribe there comes to mind another man whose nimble pen and business acumen have provided well for his old age.

He is a physician who on leaving college found that dime novel publishers were more prompt in paying for value received than the half dozen patients who had come to see him. A story written in a week or ten days brought him anywhere from $50 to $100. This, however, was not making money fast enough to suit him.

As it did not take so much to start in the publishing business then as it does now, he used his first $1,000 to venture in this field. The enterprise succeeded, and then he began buying Chicago real estate. To-day his holdings are valued at $100,000. Most of his time is spent abroad travelling and marking his itinerary with a stream of picture postal cards mailed to a few old cronies chained to desks in New York.

Another man who left the ranks of blood and thunder authors some years ago has since then written a very acceptable history of the United States. Not only that, but not being ashamed of the hand that fed him in the first lean years of his literary struggles, he had reprinted last summer in $1.50 form an Indian story that had made a hit twenty years before, to rescue it from the oblivion of paper covers.

Time has been less gracious to other surviving members of the old guard. One of them, for instance, is grubbing over genealogical records for New England families of suddenly acquired wealth and compiling horticultural information for a landscape gardener with the pen itch who wants to blossom out as an author.

This one time member of the famous Beadle staff is getting old now and his present work is not so remunerative, but even for this he is grateful, as it means bread and a place to sleep. He is cheerful and has only one complaint to make. This is directed against the small, badly lighted country libraries where he is frequently obliged to go.

"My eyesight is getting poor, and it's my bad luck to find the documents I need stored away in the darkest corners," he says.

In some small town on the plains of Nebraska a man whose last labor in the literary field before being turned out to grass was the writing of a hundred odd numbers of a detective "library," as it is called, still selling in the ten thousands, now makes his living by managing a billiard hall. Another dime novel scribe of the old days holds down a small but secure berth on a California daily paper, and by the grace of relationship gets from a publisher in New York an occasional order for a story, which he writes hurriedly in his spare time after a hard day's work at the office, and which is used to fill in when any of the writers regularly employed by the firm fail to turn in their copy.

If some walking delegate should take it into his head that the world needed a dime novel union he would not have to go far to find the people he wanted to interview. Only two men in the country edit dime novels to-day. They are employed by rival firms, the only two in business in the United States which supply small boys with knife and pistol fiction.

One of the men has written nearly 800 dime novels. He says that it would be hard for him to recognize his own work, except when he recalled an occasional nom de plume used at the time, should he happen to run across some of these stories printed twenty or thirty years ago. In the case of most men this output would be considered enough for one ordinary lifetime, but, incredible as it may seem, he has in addition to all this nearly sixty novels, averaging 80,000 words apiece, credited to his pen, to which a catalogue of the firm reprinting his works gives veritable affirmation. With such a record for activity is it any wonder he seeks his present position as a refuge from pen and typewriter?

Of the younger men who, coming to the dime novel mill and grinding out their weekly stint of thirty or forty thousand words for a while have then departed, some have since applied their pens to more ambitious work and with success. Only yesterday one of them published a novel on the extravagance of New York society. Not two years ago a volume coming from him stirred up public sentiment against the meat packers of Chicago. While a young man this author depended upon dime novels for funds to pay his college expenses.

Enjoying the rural delights of a small Michigan town is another man who, forsaking the literature of a thousand thrills, furnishes monthly serials to a publisher who counts that day lost when he forgets to start a new magazine.

On one of the morning papers is a star reporter who not long ago graduated from this form of hack work. Still another young man, possessing two talents instead of one, labored at this for a while, but when he got the chance to take charge of the art department connected with a large advertising agency he lost no time in the changing.

Cheap fiction proved a stepping stone in the case of another writer who went to a publisher with an idea for a new series of stories. He was told to go ahead, and for a while the small boy took kindly to his yarns. But the canny author did not intend to leave himself at the mercy of his fickle young readers, and in the meantime kept his eyes open for something more stable. Before his stock of bright ideas had a chance to run out he secured a berth as managing editor of a magazine.

The most versatile of all dime novel authors is a man who turns his hand—or rather his typewriter—to short stories and special articles with equal facility. Several melodramas and vaudeville sketches are now on the road bringing him in money. He has qualified as an advertisement writer.

For a year he wrote entertaining dramatic criticism for a magazine. This was a case of not letting his right hand know what the left was doing, for at the same time he was writing a weekly "blood and thunder" and acting as the New York correspondent for a Pittsburg paper. He did not stop here, for in his spare moments he composed topical songs for musical comedies and wrote for months all the notices of a Broadway theatre, whose press agent, a friend of the busy author, was suffering from some nervous trouble and unable to write them himself.

Recently he said: "I have taken a whack at everything except philosophical treatises and six best sellers, and, which is the important thing, sold my stuff. I'm no millionaire, but I've fed a large family from a typewriter for some years and have managed to buy a house on a few feet of that famous red clay over in Jersey. Not so bad for a scribe whose name never gets in the book reviews."

Free circulating libraries have given dime novels a solar plexus blow. In the days of $5 membership to public libraries the small boy, not being a plutocrat, was unable to draw out books and had to content himself with five cents worth of "Tenderfoot Pete's Last Leap" taken surreptitiously in small doses in the first vacant lot beyond range of the parental eye.

But now all this has changed. Libraries are free. The small reader saves his five cents for candy, and instead of patronizing the corner news stand goes to the nearest library for his reading matter.

Naturally he comes in touch with a better class of literature, which cannot fail to improve his taste. The next generation of youngsters will probably know dime novels only by name, and the "last of the dime novel writers," whoever he may be, will mark the extinction of a peculiar literary trade which at one time gave lucrative employment to nearly half the writers of New York city.

LUNCH WITH A BACTERIOLOGIST.

A Lawyer Learns How to Lose Your Appetite Without Eating.

A lawyer who had just returned from a Western city where he was interested in litigation affecting the local water works system was telling his partners his experiences, and remarked that he had made a firm resolution never to invite a bacteriologist or an analytical chemist to luncheon again.

"The thing happened very naturally," said the lawyer. "The chemist, who happens to be one of the leading experts in the West on water analysis and is also professor of chemistry in one of the leading colleges out there, was called by my clients to give expert evidence. We left the court room for luncheon at the same time one day, and of course I invited him to go with me.

"The chemist accepted and proved to be a delightful sort of person while we were waiting for luncheon to be served. He told me in his breezy Western way about things that interested me, and I was certain we were going to become firm friends, when the waiter began to bring on the food.

"We had both ordered oyster soup and I fell to with vigor, because I had been talking most of the forenoon and had worked up an appetite. Without a word of warning the expert chemist opened up.

"'I have never enjoyed oysters much since my friend Prof. ——, bacteriologist of the —— Medical College, told me the result of some typhoid tests he had been making with oysters,' said the chemist. 'I will spare you the awful truth about oysters, because you appear to be fond of them, but really I think they are very dangerous.'

"Naturally I didn't relish those oysters as much as I expected to, and I sidetracked them as soon as possible for the next course. A perfectly harmless looking piece of roast beef came next, and immediately the chemist commented on how much tuberculosis there was existing in the herds of the cattle throughout the immediate vicinity and said he had been reliably informed that the Government inspection of meat was far from what it should be.

"My roast beef immediately took on a peculiar flavor that seemed very suspicious. I ate very sparingly of it.

"So it went all down the bill of fare. Articles of food that had been favorites from my youth caused the chemist to turn up his nose, because he had expert knowledge of a most derogatory kind about them. I was fast getting the impression that I only thought I was hungry, when I spied the ice cream and congratulated myself that here at least was something I could partake of heartily and be assured that I was safe.

"I had no more than started on the ice cream when the chemist said:

"'You wouldn't eat that ice cream if you knew what was in it.'

"I didn't wait for any more. I suddenly remarked that I had a lot of work to do on my afternoon summing up of the water works case, and grabbing my hat I fled, making a silent resolve that while expert chemical and bacteriological knowledge was very good in its place I didn't care to have it served with my lunch."

THE MAN WHO MAKES CORK LEGS

Helps Along His Business if He Happens to Wear One Himself.

"A manufacturer or dealer in artificial limbs who wears a cork arm or leg himself is much better equipped for business than his competitors who are sound," said a man who uses a cork leg. "In fact, it has become a sort of unwritten law among us to patronize such men when possible.

"Sentimental reasons may have something to do with the case, but I guess the chief reason is that we consider that if a man can make a limb for himself that fits like the paper on the wall he can make them for others.

"Manufacturers of artificial limbs know this, and frequently you will find an advertisement like this: 'The Soandso Artificial Leg is built by a man who is wearing one and who knows from experience what you want for comfort.'

"This is a strong argument, for it's no easy thing to get an artificial limb that just fits. Persons who have trouble getting shoes that are just right are in great luck compared to us."